

The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 44. NO. 45

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1911.

PRICE THREE CENTS

LUMBER

Having secured the services of Mr. Robert Beardsley am prepared to furnish either dressed or rough lumber, in any form; square stuff, boards, shingles, sawed in any form or quantity desired by purchaser, of either straight white oak, mixed oak, poplar or chestnut. Mill on Fox Park Farm, three miles north of Middletown.

JOHN P. COCHRAN, JR., AGENT
Middletown, Del.
OR AT THE MILL

S. E. MASSEY,

DEALER IN
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE.

Also a Large Stock of

Cut Glass

Howard Watches
Gillette Razors

Repairing and
Silversmithing
a Specialty.

We also handle the
WATERMAN'S IDEAL
FOUNTAIN PEN.

S. E. Massey,
Middletown,
Del.

TERMS STRICTLY CASH

BUYERS' GUIDE

Mrs. Rosa Weber

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

ICE CREAM, WATER
ICE, Etc.

Middletown, Delaware

Charles Schuman

Land-Made Harness
Repairing a Specialty

West Main Street

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

DELAWARE COLLEGE

Newark, Delaware

Reopens September 14th, 1911

Entrance Examinations, Friday and
Saturday, June 23 and 24, and Tuesday
and Wednesday, September 12 and 13.
For Catalogue and other information
write to

GEO. A. HARTER,
President.

FIRE INSURANCE

Town Property, Farm Buildings,
and Stock

TORNADO INSURANCE

Insure now against damage from
wind storms

Life and Accident Insurance

GEORGE D. KELLEY,
Middletown, Del.

William B. Kates

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of

Ice Cream, Water Ices

ALL FLAVORS

Fine Confections constantly on hand.
Also Oysters in Season

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.



ERNEST A. TRUITT

Graduate in Pharmacy
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

The Transcript, \$1.00

Lumber and Coal

YARD
G. E. HUKILL
Middletown, Del.

White Pine, Yellow
Pine, Hemlock and
Cypress. All kinds
Building Lumber,
Shingles, Lath and
Pickets. Mill Work

of all kinds in stock
and to order. Build-
ing and Agricul-
tural Lime. Woven

Wire Fence, Woven
Picket Fence, Barb
Wire and Plain
Wire.

Best value of

HARD AND SOFT COAL

1911 TIME TABLE 1911

The Iron

STEAMER CLIO

Captain H. V. Woodall

WILL LEAVE

Odesa for Philadelphia

AND RETURN FROM

Arch St. Wharf, Phila.

AS PER TIME TABLE:

ODESSA NOVEMBER PHILA

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BRIEF NEWS ITEMS OF THE PENINSULA

Rev. William Clews has accepted a call to Chesapeake City First Presbyterian Church.

Seaford Council has agreed to continue the use of electric lights on the streets for one year.

The Kranz Hotel at Ridley, has been bought by Joseph S. Ober from C. G. Seaward of Oxford.

Georgetown High School has been granted the right to one free scholarship at Lehigh University.

Charles Maggison, of near New Castle is hauling corn that will net him nearly 100 bushels an acre.

The Seaford Firemen's Band has been reorganized, with W. H. Miller and C. W. Robinson as directors.

The new fire company at Chesapeake City has invited Singler's Fire Company, Elkton to house its apparatus.

While fishing T. Rosey McMullin, of Chestnut Hill, imbedded a hook in his left thumb and it had to be cut off.

James Robinson, a Kent county farmer is in a critical condition, the result of being accidentally shot by his son.

While chopping wood at his home at Blades, Henry Lloyd cut a deep gash in one foot that required five stitches.

Lost a year ago, a watch owned by Frank Johnson, Georgetown was found by duPont workers in perfect order.

By the accidental discharge of a revolver carried in his pocket, John E. Martin, of Seaford, was shot in the left leg.

John P. Virden of Lewes, was re-elected president of the Delaware Pilots' Association at the meeting in Wilmington yesterday.

The directors of the Chester Cemetery Company, Chester, have elected Harrison W. Vickers, Jr., president and director.

The month of October was a record-breaker in police circles in Cumberland, as 229 arrests were made and fines of \$952 were collected.

Capt. Edgar S. Stayer, for four years military instructor at Delaware College, has been ordered to Fort McIntosh, Tex., by the War Department.

While gunning in the First District of Cecil county, Saturday, Samuel Caldwell, of Galena, a prominent stock dealer, was accidentally shot in the foot by Elmer Jarnan.

Mr. Harriet Williams, of New Castle, received a postal shower on the occasion of her 93d birthday anniversary, Monday and the congratulatory of her 94 year old cousin, Thomas Jefferson.

In a fight at the laborers' headquarters at Millsboro, Del., on the duPont road, Jesse Hood, colored, was gashed across the face with a knife and John Downs, white, of Dagboro, sustained a broken jaw.

Smyrna town council has decided to macadamize Main street from Glenwood avenue to the town limits and Commerce street to the new Smyrna Landing Stone road. Robert Denney, the road overseer, is laying a macadam road on the north from the town limits to Duck Creek. All these improvements are to be completed this year.

While Harry Roe, at whose home a house party had been held, was taking some of his guests to the train at Milton, Del., his automobile ran into a bank and was wrecked, injuring the occupants.

Roe escaped with a few bruises. The wife and daughter of C. J. Luff, Kent County Comptroller, were cut about the face and arms and Miss Luff's clothing was badly torn.

Governor Pennell appointed the following delegates to represent the State of Delaware at the Anti-Saloon League of America to be held in Washington D. C. on December 7 to 14: A. M. Daly, Dover; John G. Townsend, Jr., Selbyville; Thomas N. Rawlins, Seaford; Robert G. Houston, Georgetown; Walter O. Hoffecker, Smyrna; Gamaliel Garrison, Kenton; George Pierce, New Castle; Caleb Barcheval, Wilmington; J. Atwood Weidman, Wilmington and Frederic Brady, Middletown.

Bee Stings Cure Rheumatism

Hopelessly crippled for two years by rheumatism, William P. Fitzgerald, a wealthy brewer of Ansonia, Conn., has been cured by exposing himself to the attack of the bees.

Leaving a hospital a month ago, when all remedies failed, Mr. Fitzgerald tried the bee experiment as a final resort. A friend who had benefited by like treatment suggested it to him.

A hive of bees quartered in the garret of Mr. Fitzgerald's home daily divided their time between gathering honey and burying their weapons in his owner.

At times the bees would not sting until angered by poking. Their stings caused severe pain in the patient's arms and legs but he suffered heroically. After three weeks of the treatment he is able to walk without crutches.

Medical journals recently have been discussing bees as a cure and stated that their sting neutralized the acid, an excess of which causes rheumatism and gouty affections. The value of the cure was, however, doubted. Mr. Fitzgerald will soon leave Ansonia for Hot Springs, Va.

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

A cup of hot tea will relieve fatigue and is said to clear the complexion if drunk daily and not too strong.

Save a box of parsley from the garden supply, for winter use. It will be an ornament in the kitchen or will keep equally well in a lighted cellar window. Parsley, if dried, may be used in soups and as flavoring in many dishes.

When poaching eggs whirl the water with a spoon and drop the egg into the center of the whirl. The motion will keep it round.

Put a few stalks of celery into the duck before roasting, instead of stuffing. It will be seasoned.

A paper cone for piping whipped cream or frosting may be easily made by twisting a piece of newspaper in the form of a cornucopia.

Use a teaspoonful of vinegar in the water in which a tough stew or fowl is cooked. It will soften the fibers of the meat and thus make it more tender. If meat is prohibited from the diet, one may have eggs, rice, macaroni, nuts, peas and beans. From these any number of nourishing dishes may be prepared.

Starch foods must be well done and not overdone. Rice may lose its value by over cooking and macaroni is most unwholesome when underdone.

When insufficiently cooked the starch grains have not burst and softened. When overdone the water draws out the nourishment.

Scalding water is an essential in the dairy.

When butter prices are low there is absolutely no excuse for keeping poor cows. An accessible supply of pure, cold water should always be available for the herd.

Tainted musty or mouldy feeds should never be served in the dairy herd rations. One of the best indications of a good milk cow is the large and tortuous milk veins.

Care should be taken that the cow does not have to wade through filth in the barnyard.

Pouring or dipping the milk several times from one can to another rapidly cools it.

To do good work the cream separator must be level and on a good solid foundation.

The separator means the greatest profit with the least cost in handling and marketing milk.

Never set milk oil near butter, lard or milk.

To fresh a salt fish lay it skin side up in an earthen vessel—never in iron.

Always spread cornmeal out on paper to dry thoroughly before putting it away. Always sift all flours before using. Sift a small quantity to keep on hand in case of emergency.

Iodine stains are best removed by soaking them in ammonia or alcohol, and then washing the article in water if water will not injure it.

The yellow stains on the margins of engravings may be removed by carefully sponging them with a solution of hydrochloric acid.

Blood stains should be wet with kerosene and then washed in warm hot water; or drop a little peroxide of hydrogen on the stains and then wash thoroughly in warm water.

Scouring balls are made of a paste formed of five ounces of pipe clay, three ounces of powdered French chalk and three ounces of alcohol. Shape into balls and put aside to dry.

Silver that has been stained by medicines may be cleaned by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in sulphuric acid and then washing it with soap and water and polishing it in the usual manner.

A new way to bake sweet apples. Put the apples in a stew pan over the fire with a cup of sugar to a pint of water, let them boil until tender, but whole and the water all in the apple; then put in dripping pan in a good oven for a short time. They are very juicy and firm.

Wash the rhubarb, cut it into half inch lengths, then weigh it. To five pounds of the fruit add four pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of vinegar and two table-spoons each of cinnamon and cloves. Cook slowly until thick and seal in jelly glasses.

Separate one glassful of currant jelly in to pieces, but do not heat. Add two table-spoonsful mint leaves minced fine, and the thin yellow shavings from the rind of one third of an orange.

One pint sifted corn meal, one cup fine wheat flour, one half teaspoon salt, three cups milk, two eggs, one saltspoon soda. Pour it into buttered tin cups, bake quickly, puff them open and eat while hot with butter.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS

Hogs like cornstalks. The disk will never take the place of the plow.

Pride yourself on having fancy and well bred stock.

The result of care from start to finish is first class butter.

All root crops should be planted as soon as a good season is in the ground.

The seed corn must be well cared for after it is harvested if the best results are expected.

Rapid growth from hogs cannot be secured on even the best pasture, without some grain.

Farmers in general cross hogs more than other animals, but this is considered a bad practice.

Sheep have warm wool coats, don't be afraid to turn them out in good weather even if it is cold.

When the pigs are young and weak every time the sow gets up and lies down she is liable to kill the pigs.

Watch the ewes and don't let them go through narrow spaces; it may save you a case of abortion later on.

If horses will really winter better on more grain and less hay now is a good time to adopt such a line of feeding.

Dairy butter should be packed in five-pound jars and ten and twenty pound tubs to sell at the best advantage.

In most cities milk sells at retail for eight cents a quart, and at that price it is the cheapest and most valuable food known.

It is just as important that every horse should have his own collar all the time as that a man should wear his own shoes.

A hog's time is not worth anything, but your life is. The best breed of hogs to raise is the kind that will grow into money quickest.

Use wire netting freely on the fronts of all your coops and houses—letting out the unused air and admitting sunshine at noonday.

That bright-eyed, red combed, active pullet will surely lay soon if you are not mighty careful that she does not get quite enough to eat.

You might like skim milk sold but that don't change the mind of the calf or pig—they want it warm like nature meant them to have it.

Tankage, a by-product of the slaughter houses, is a wholesome feed for all kinds of live stock, but its greatest value is for hogs.

When the pigs are three or four hours old the sow should be fed about one quart of rich bran or shorts in fresh water made into a slop.

Work horses, who have been pushed in the fields all summer should now have the advantage of every hour possible in the fall pastures.

Some growers of onions prefer to cut the tops from the bulbs before they are taken from the ground using a pair of sheep shears for the purpose.

The prospect is for plenty of apples this year.

Cowpeas are splendid for either hay or pasture.

Clover is cut for seed after all the heads have turned brown.

Ripe, dry corn, if put in the silos should by all means be watered.

Land for vetch should be plowed and prepared the same as for sorghum.

Add a few more roots until the poultry is thinned out for winter.

Do not neglect to spray the orchard trees and berry bushes this year.

Never allow the calf to get fat in the sense that the beef breeder desires.

A few hens are always profitable while very large flocks are seldom so.

Boiled grain generally puts on slightly fatter gains than dry grain.

Winter rye has usually survived without any protection from stubble or other growth.

It is not unusual for the cream from a cow advanced far in lactation to be difficult to churn.

The chief benefit from silage fed to hogs at least that from corn, lies in the grain in the feed.

The best breeding calls for animals capable of reproducing all of those qualities of an ever improving nature which go to make perfect in the type we are aiming at.

Small pigs take to green feed about as early in life as to any feed and such green stuff as clover, alfalfa, pea vines or good pasture are the very best side dishes that pigs can be given.

A composition made of carbolic acid half ounce; glycerine, eight ounces; is recommended as being good for treating wounds made on horses or cattle by barbed wire fences.

A large per cent of poultry, especially young chicks die through drinking from puddles and dirty water in their drinking troughs.

The phosphates, when used in connection with the nutrient manures as humus, will pay handsomely.

The pig can eat more and he can dig more than he can use. So it is not a fact that a pig can take care of all he can eat.

Every inclosure for the hogs should be perfectly tight and with excellent wire fences that are now manufactured this is an easy matter.

The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware

T. S. FOURACRE.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 37.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., NOV. 11, 1911

PRINTER'S INK VS. WRONGS

The sovereign quality of printer's ink when truthfully used in a public cause, was never more plainly shown than in the case of the Middletown people vs. the Delaware Railroad Company. Months ago THE TRANSCRIPT entered upon a campaign against long standing abuses and denials of right and decency upon the part of the railroad company. It turned the light on a number of wholly indefensible outrages from which the citizens of this town and vicinity, had suffered for so many years that one might almost use the quaint phrase of the old law books and say, so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It denounced those outrages, called a spade a spade, and kept at it until out of very shame the railroad company was coerced into abating them.

For many years, the company's engineers by refusing to break their trains at this much thronged Main street crossing, held the entire traveling public up for periods of time even reaching a whole hour.

Again, for years, women and children were exposed to the wintry elements in the company's cold, open structure on the south bound track, appropriately dubbed by THE TRANSCRIPT, "The Pneumonia Waiting Shed."

Again, it kept, year after year, the depot waiting rooms, looking like an old barn and the seats therein as dirty as the walls themselves; refused to provide drinking water for travelers; refused to use their steam heating plant after installing it; let the facings of the platform stay rotten, crumbling and dangerous; left the south side platform without sufficient lighting to insure safety; and permitted the crossing over their tracks to remain for a generation a quagmire nuisance in wet weather.

All these things are now mended, thanks to THE TRANSCRIPT's persistent war upon them all which has aroused a public sentiment demanding it. But there remain several more great public inconveniences, sorely in need of abating. First there should be an underground way across the tracks, for since for their own convenience the company has built their track fence, great numbers of passengers south bound are forced to miss their train because of another train obstructing the track; and passengers arriving must wait for the train to pull out; and since the gate is kept locked, access to the freight office is made very inconvenient.

But even more needed, is a watchman to operate at night the safety gates that guard this perilous crossing—more used than any in the State outside of Wilmington. Lack of this night watchman came within a hair of causing a few weeks ago, a four-fold tragedy.

Must the company await the stimulus of a costly damage suit for killing some traveler, like the New York Central whose directors brutally resolved that it "would be cheaper to pay for killing a lot of people than to install an electric motor" through the New York City tunnel, where they finally slaughtered scores of passengers at a cost in damages of over a million dollars? The company cannot use even this plausible excuse since a single killing would prove more costly than the gate's maintenance for a life time.

THE ELECTIONS' MEANING

In last Tuesday's elections many corrupt bosses found their Waterloo. The long outraged people, irrespective of party affiliations, smote them hip and thigh. In Philadelphia, the Republicans, aided for once by an honest Democracy, smashed the Penrose-McNichol machine; in Maryland, the Democrats rebuked their corrupt machine by defeating Gorman for governor; in Ohio, despite Taft's formal endorsement, Boss Cox of Cincinnati went down to inglorious defeat; the malodorous Lorimer was beaten in Chicago; Tammany's year of misrule rebuked; and New York State redeemed; and Boss Lodge of Massachusetts the apostle of a yet higher tariff, overwhelmed. Splendid deeds for one day.

In Philadelphia that Blankenburg should be elected mayor by a majority of 5000 votes, overturning, despite all the unscrupulous tactics of a long entrenched and powerful ring, a previous majority of 75,000 the other way, is nothing short of marvelous.

There is no doubt that more of the Keystone reform candidates besides himself and Solicitor Ryan were elected; but the judges always refuse to allow the ballot boxes to be opened no matter how clear the evidence of fraud. In the eyes of the Pennsylvania judiciary there is nothing so sacred as a gang-stuffed ballot box; they esteem it, indeed, the very paradigm of their liberties.

Everywhere the people are taking their own hands and they had so long

through sloth and neglect, allowed to be stolen from them. Out of the seeming inconsistencies of the results, one great fact clearly shows—it was a victory for the Progressive spirit—for clean honest government in city and state, regardless of party lines.

PUBLIC SALE

STOCK OF GROCERIES

The undersigned will sell at Public Auction,

On Friday, NOVEMBER 17th, 1911

At the store of Mrs. Sophie Carter, on Main street, in Middletown, Delaware, her entire stock of groceries, composed of such articles as are usually kept in a grocery store. Also a large refrigerator, a meat block, meat rack, paper rack and lot of butchers' tools and many other articles too numerous to mention.

MARTIN B. BURRIS, Trustee

ICE CREAM

FOR ALL OCCASIONS!

All flavors, packed in bulk or in bricks, hotel or family use, weddings, banquets or picnic outings. Quality guaranteed the best. Immediate attention to every order. Write, telephone or telegraph.

Middletown Farms
Middletown, Del.
Pure Dairy Products

For Sale Cheap!

Ten second hand York Carriages, some almost as good as new; One Double York Carriage; Two Milk Dearborns; One Hay Press; one 6 hole Corn Sheller.

F. DUGGAN,
Odessa, Del.

M. BANNING

East Main Street, Market

DEALER IN

General Merchandise

Just a Word to Our Trade

We want to thank you for your kind patronage which you give to us and now when the fall business is coming in we intend to give you better service, better goods and a larger variety from which to select than we have ever given you before.

Our new goods are coming in every day or so. A lot of Rayo lamps, junior sizes at \$1.25; large size at \$1.50. These lamps give a bright, mellow light, suitable for any use. New linoleums, oil cloth and oil cloth rugs for stoves. In beautiful designs, all sizes, from 45c to 90c. A nice line of rugs in all sizes at the right price. Also, a new line of bed blankets from 60c to \$3.50 a pair and bed comforts from \$1.00 to \$2.00. A lot of new outing flannels in light and dark patterns. Full line of underwear, in cotton and wool for men, women and children. Fancy groceries and vegetables.

Come in and see the new goods,

M. BANNING
Phone 60 East Main St.
Middletown, Delaware



The Telephone Alarm

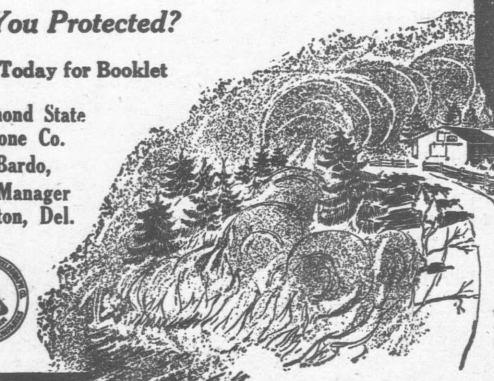
A SUBURBAN NEWSPAPER SAYS:

"Within 48 hours after the completion of a Rural Bell Telephone line a fire broke out near a cranberry bog, threatening great damage. Neighbors were summoned from miles around by Bell Telephone and strenuous work saved the bog and several farm houses."

Are You Protected?

Write Today for Booklet

The Diamond State
Telephone Co.
E. P. Bardo,
District Manager
Wilmington, Del.



God Necktie Clasps, BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELED



50 Cents 50 Cents 50 Cents 50 Cents

MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 50 CENTS.

The Kenney Company

Flags, Badges, Banners and Jewelry
1314 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW OPENING NEW OPENING

M. Miller & Sons

Ladies' and Gents' Tailors

We beg to announce the opening of our Tailoring Shop, carried on with a full line of Fall and Winter Wools. First-class Suits made to order at possible prices. Also Cleaning, Dyeing, Scouring, Repairing and Pressing done neatly on Ladies' and Gents' Garments.

Good Work and est Satisfaction Guaranteed

Main Street, Middletown, Del.

Big 5 and 10 Cent Department

We will open up on November 15th with New Stock of choice goods to sell at 5 and 10 cents. Will have many special bargains in Dishes, Glassware, Cooking Utensils, Novelty Goods, Pictures, China, Dry Goods, Underwear, Notions, etc.

1000 Pieces of Music 5c each

Bargains in sets of Dishes and Toiletware just come in from the Potteries

100 Piece set of Beautiful Decorated Dinner Sets worth \$12.00. Sale Price - \$6.98	12 Piece Toilet Set. Very fine ware. Value \$10.00. You must see this to know the bargain we offer at \$7.49
56 Piece Tea Set. Value \$6.00. Our Price \$4.49	12 Piece Toilet Set. Worth \$8.00. Our Sale Price - \$4.98
42 Piece Dinner Set. Special Bargain, \$2.98	10 Piece Toilet Set. Same ware. Price \$3.25
24 Piece Dinner or tea set. Our Special. \$1.98	6 Piece Toilet Set. Sale Price. \$2.25

We want to sell you goods, and will save you money. Come and look through our large Building and see the fine stock of Merchandise.

PETERSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE
Middletown, Delaware

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD

The J. E. Baker Co. Now offers for Sale Victor Fine Ground Limestone

The Best Way to Lime
The United States Government and the Pennsylvania Agricultural Experimental Stations are now recommending finely Ground Limestone as the best way of applying Lime to the soil. It does not destroy manure, there is no danger of burning your crops, it keeps for years, and can be applied at any time, or season.

Easiest and Cheapest to Use
Comes packed in canvas bags or paper bags. Can be easily handled, and kept in storage indefinitely, without change or loss. No more laborious slaking, no more laborious slaking, no more choking dust, nor scalding burns. Can be drilled into the soil or sowed on the surface and harrowed in. Saves half the cost of the old way of applying Lime. Is cheaper and better.

GIVES MAXIMUM RESULTS
It has been proved that very finely Ground Limestone produces as a fertilizer the same results pound for pound as air slaked Lime, or any other commercial fertilizer, and because VICTOR fine Ground Limestone is the purest, most finely ground Limestone on the market and because it destroys no manure or crop, it gives much better results than any other durned or hydrated Lime made.

See your Local Agent or write.
J. E. Baker Company
York, Pa.

NEWARK TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT CO.

Newark, Delaware

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO BANK DEPOSITORS

It is our desire at this time to respectfully call your kind attention to the many unusual benefits to be gained by banking with this company. For your careful consideration we would state that:

- 1st.—We allow 4 per cent. Interest in our Savings Department on Accounts of \$1.00 and upwards.
 - 2d.—We pay 2 per cent. on all Checking Accounts.
- Also that we are a U. S. Depository for Postal Savings. If this Bank is safe for Uncle Sam it is safe for you.

Deposits Received by Mail
Capital Surplus and Profits, \$48,000. Deposits, \$220,000

Kent County Mutual Insurance Co.

DOVER, DEL.

Insures Property Against Fire and Lightning
BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL SYSTEM
Has Returned to Its Policy-Holders in Dividends and Surrendered Policies over \$500,000.00

Present Membership Over Eight Thousand, With Over \$11,000,000.00 INSURANCE IN FORCE

J. A. JAMES, Agent, Delaware City, Del. H. H. MALONEY, Agent, Townsend, Del. AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

WHAT ABOUT THAT JOB OF Plumbing

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ESTATE of Gideon E. Hukill, deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon the Estate of Gideon E. Hukill, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Margaret W. Hukill, on the 31 day of November, A. D. 1911, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administratrix without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administratrix on or before the 31 day of November, A. D. 1912, or abide by the law in this behalf. Address: Martin B. Burris, Esq., Attorney at Law, Middletown, Del.
MARGARET W. HUKILL, Administratrix.

Correct Wearing Apparel For Women, Misses and Children

SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK

No. 1. Bargains in Ladies' and Misses Rain Coats made of guaranteed water-proof goods, in Automobile style, good value at \$10.00. While they last, only 1-2 price, **\$5.00.**

No. 2. We will sell all next week Hill's Muslin, 1 yard wide, 10c grade for **7 1-2.**

No. 3. Ladies', Misses' and Children's Wool Dresses. See our line of ready made dresses and be convinced of their merit; you will not then be bothered with home sewing.

Correct Styles in Millinery
Our experienced trimmer has just finished a number of handsome hats in the very latest styles for Fall. There are quite effective, large, medium and small styles, trimmed with black ostrich willows, or French plumes, some with fancy ornaments—all in the very newest styles at remarkably low prices.

Prices from **\$2.50 to \$10.00**

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To see what is new and surely correct as to style, workmanship and quality in Wearing Apparel, is to see Fogel and Burstan's large line of Ready-to-wear Garments, guaranteed to be perfect in every way. Our Suit Stock is now complete in styles, colors and sizes.

Prices from **\$8.50 to \$25.00**

Polo Coats

Ask to see our full line of Polo Coats for Girls, Misses and Women, in the various reversible colors.

Prices from **\$8.50 to \$15.00**

Serge Coats

Serge Top-Coats in many styles, all of which are most desirable, in both black and blue—some half lined, some lined throughout.

From **\$10.00 to \$20.00**

Misses, Junior and Children's Coats

Made of Caracul Cloth, Mixtures, Cheviots, Broad Cloths in many styles and colors.

From **\$2.00 to \$20.00**

Waists

In black and colors, for street and evening wear, plain tailored linene and linen—lingerie waists, taffeta silk, messaline and nets.

From **98c to \$6.00**

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RELANCE RUBBER ROOFING
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Reliance is fully guaranteed without painting or coating. Three ply, 10 years; Two ply, 8 years



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It's easy to lay, costs little and gives long and faithful service.

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STEEL Dockash

Price \$55.00

Complete with water front or reservoir.

The manufacturers of this range claim it would not be possible to build a better range with a million dollars and a million men. A mighty big claim, but we believe it after five years' experience in selling and using it. The users of this range have the satisfaction of knowing they have the best. There are other good ranges made, but none the equal of the Steel Dockash; it is in a class by itself.

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My Lady of the North

THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET
By RANDALL PARISH
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Bungay Defends Her Heart.

A hand pressing hard upon my arm brought back my scattered senses with a rush. It was Mrs. Brennan who stood there, her face whitened by anxiety, her eyes peering anxiously through the opening of the door.

"Surely those men are not soldiers, Captain Wayne!" she exclaimed. "They wear uniforms of both armies."

"No doubt they are guerrillas," I answered, drawing her back from where she might be seen in their approach. "We must find hiding if possible, for you shall never fall into their hands, Bungay!"

I turned toward where the little giant had been sitting, but he was not to be seen. However, the sound of my voice aroused Maria to a full sense of our danger, nor was she a woman to hesitate in such emergency. With a single stride she crossed the narrow room, caught the white-faced horse

by the collar of his shirt, dragged him (unconsciously) forth from beneath the table where he had sought refuge, shook him as she would shake a toy dog, until his teeth rattled, and then flung him out of the door leading into the back shed. It was done so expeditiously that I could only gasp.

"Now later this hole with ye, Jed Bungay—you an' yer dorgs," she panted furiously. "An' you an' your him, I reckon I'm able ter handle 'em, but out thar, even if it should be Red Lowrie and his gang."

Catching firm hold of Mrs. Brennan's hand I sprang down the single step and closed the door tight behind us. Jed had scrambled to his feet, and rubbing himself vigorously with one hand, utilized the other to drag outward a rough cupboard, which appeared to be a portion of the house itself. As it swung open the door revealed behind it a fair-sized opening extending into the face of the hill. It was a most ingenious arrangement, doubtless finding frequent use in those troublesome times. Its presence partially explained how Jed had thus far escaped the conscription officer. Into this hole we entered one at a time, and when the heavy cupboard had been silently drawn back into place, found ourselves enveloped in such total darkness as to make any movement a dangerous operation. I felt the clasp of my companion's hand tighten, and knew that her whole form was trembling from intense excitement.

"Do not permit the darkness to alarm you," I whispered softly, bending down as I spoke until I could feel her quick breathing against my cheek. "Our visitors are not likely to remain longer than will be necessary to get something to eat. They need never suspect our presence, and all we have to do is to wait patiently until they move on. I only wish I could discover something upon which you might alight down."

"Pray do not think me a coward," she answered, "but I have heard of this man Lowrie in the Federal camps, and I would rather die than fall into his hands."

I had heard of him also, and of his outrageous treatment of women. The memory caused me to clasp my hand warmly over hers, and set my teeth hard.

"I said soberly; 'but all these gentry are pretty much alike, I fear. However, I promise that you shall never fall alive into the hands of any of their breed.'"

Before she could answer me other than by a slight nestling closer in the darkness, Bungay whispered: "This yere hole, Cap, leads down to the right an' comes out in a sort of gully 'bout a hundred feet back. Thar's light 'nough ter see ter walk by 'ter ye turn the corner, 'bout twenty feet or so. You uns kin go on down thar if ye'd rather, fellerin' 'er dorgs, but I reckon as how I'll stay right yere an' sorter see how thar ol' woman comes out."

"Where, where was Roderick then? One blast upon his bugle horn. Were worth a thousands men. If you uns like ter see a durned good fight maybe ye better stay tew—thar ol' woman is pisen if she once gits her dander up."

His voice was expressive of great expectations, and I had reason to believe his faith in Maria would be justified. Before any of us, however, had time to change our positions we heard the fellows come stamping roughly into the cabin. The thin slabs which divided us scarcely muffled their loud voices.

"Well, old woman," exclaimed one in voice so gruff as to seem almost assumed, "pretending to be alone, are you, with all those dishes sitting out on the table, jitts been eaten off, too. Have n't seen no strange party along the road this morning, have ye?"

"Nary a one," said Maria, and I knew from her voice she was standing close beside the fireplace.

"Are you Mrs. Bungay?"

"I reckon I am, if it's any o' yer business."

"Don't git huffy, old woman, or we're liable to give you a lesson in politeness before we leave." The leader

dropped the butt of his gun with a crash on the floor. "Where is the little sneak, anyhow?"

"What do you want of him?"

"Want him to go 'long with us; we're hunting some parties, and need a guide. They tol' us up the road a bit he knew every inch o' these yere mountings."

There was a pause, as if Maria was endeavoring to decide as to the honesty of the speaker. Her final answer proved the mental survey had not proven satisfactory.

"Wal, I reckon," she said calmly, "as you uns 'll be more likely ter find 'em down here, Connersville."

"Then what's all these yere dirty dishes doing on the table?"

"Hed sum Yankee officers yere; they just rode on down thar trail as you uns cum up."

"Like hell!" ejaculated the fellow with complete loss of temper. "See here, old woman, we're too old birds to be caught with any such chaff. We'll take a look around the old shanty anyhow, and while we're at it you put something on the table for me and my mates to eat."

The voice and manner were rough, but I was impressed with a certain accent creeping into the man's speech bespeaking education. More, in spite of an apparent effort to make it so, his dialect was not that of those mountains.

Even as he uttered these last words, throwing into them a threat more in the tone than the language, I became aware of a thin ray of light penetrating the seemingly solid wall just in front of me, and bending silently forward could dimly distinguish the elliptical head of Bungay as he applied one eye to a small opening he had industriously made between the logs. Grasping Mrs. Brennan firmly by the hand so that we should not become separated, I crept across the intervening blackness, and reached his side.

"Holy smoke, Cap," the little man muttered in suppressed excitement, as he realized my presence, "it's a golt'er be b'lin' hot in thar mighty soon. Maria's steam is a risin'!"

He silently made room for me, and bending down so as to bring my eye upon a level with his, I managed to gain some slight glimpse of the scene within the cabin.

Mrs. Bungay stood with her back to the fireplace, an iron skillet firmly gripped in one hand. Her face was red with indignation, and there was a look in her eyes, together with a defiant set to her chin, which promised trouble. In front of her, carelessly resting on the table, his feet dangling in the air, was a sturdy-looking fellow, five feet or so, with red, straggling beard covering all the lower half of his face, and a weather-worn black hat pulled so low as almost to conceal his eyes. His attire was nondescript, as though he had picked up a few scraps of clothing from the trash of a broken-down soldier. He was leaning back against a chair. Two others of the party, younger fellows, both dressed in the same manner, were lounging between him and the door.

Bungay chuckled expectantly.

"O Lord, if they only git the ol' fellow, but I reckon he's a good deal better hoarse, jumping up and down on one foot in his excitement, 'they'll hev their fight in the night.'"

"Do you know the fellows?" I asked.

"Is thar Red Lowrie?"

He shook his head.

"Never laid eyes on any of 'em afore, but ye bet they're no good. Reckon they're a part o' his crowd."

The man who posed as the leader of the party placed up the empty coffee-pot beside him and shook it.

"Come, now, Mrs. Bungay," he commanded, "I tell you we're hungry, so trot out some hoeecake and fill up this pot, unless you want to reckon with Red Lowrie."

The woman stood facing him, yet never moved. I could see a red spot begin to glow in either cheek. If I had ever doubted it, I knew now that Maria possessed a temper of her own.

"You ain't no Red Lowrie," she retorted.

The fellow laughed easily.

"No more I ain't, old woman, but I reckon we ain't so durn far apart when it comes to getting what we go after. Come, honest now, where is the little white-livered cur that runs this shanty?"

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"If Jed Bungay was hum," she answered fiercely, her eyes fairly blazing, "I reckon you wouldn't be sprawlin' on thar table 'fore long."

"Wouldn't I, now? Well, old hen, we've fooled here with you about as long as I care to. Bill, go over there and put some of that bacon on to fry. If she doesn't get out of the way I'll give her something to jump for." And he patted the stock of his gun.

Instinctively I drew my revolver, and pushed its black muzzle into the light under Jed's nose.

"Shall I give him a dose?" I asked eagerly.

"Not yit; O Lord, not yit!" he exclaimed, dancing from one foot to the other in excitement. "Let thar ol' gal hev a show. I reckon she's good fer ther whole three of 'em, less they shoot."

Bill came up grinning. He evidently anticipated some fun, and as he reached out a grimy hand for the slab of bacon, took occasion to make some remark. What it was I could not hear, but I noted the quick responsive flash in the woman's eyes, and the next instant with a crash she brought the iron skillet down with all her strength on top of the fellow's head. Without even a groan he went plunging down, face foremost, in front of the fire. In another moment she was battling like a wild fury with the other two.

It was a quick, intense struggle. The man near the door managed to be the first in, and he received a blow from the skillet that most assuredly would have crushed his skull had he not dodged; as it was it landed upon his

CHAPTER IX.

In the Hands of the Enemy.

In the first surprise of that unexpected joyful cry ringing at my very ears all my senses seemed confused, and I stood motionless. Then I heard Bungay utter a smothered oath, and knew he had wheeled about in the darkness. Unable to distinguish the slightest outline of his figure, I was yet impressed with the thought that he was endeavoring to muffle the girl, to prevent her uttering a second cry. Impelled by this intuition I flung out my arm hastily, and by rare good luck it came in contact with his hand.

"None of that, you little cur!" I muttered sternly, unmindful of his efforts to break away. "No hand on her, mind you! Mrs. Brennan, what does this mean?"

She made no attempt to answer, but I could hear her now groping her way through the darkness toward the place of our entrance. Bungay detected the movement also, and made a violent effort to break loose from my grip, that he might hurry after her.

"You lit go o' me," he cried excitedly, "er, by golt, I'll use a knife. She'll give this whole thing away if she ever gits out."

For answer I hurled him backward with all my strength and sprang after the fleeing woman. But I was already too late to stop her, even had that been my intention. With strength yielded her by desperation, she thrust

With a Crash She Brought the Iron Skillet Down With All Her Strength, aside the heavy cupboard, and as the light swept in, sprang forward into the rude shed. With another bound, gathering her skirts as she ran, she was up the steps and had burst into the outer room. A moment later I also stood in the doorway, gazing upon a scene that made my blood like fire.

The fighting had evidently ceased suddenly with her first cry. Maria stood panting in one corner, the dead-skillet again in her hand, her hair hanging in wisps down her back. Still unconscious from the blow he had received, one fellow lay outstretched on the floor, his head barely missing the hot ashes of the fireplace; while his companion nursed his bruises and howled from a safe refuge behind the door.

The unshaven faces of several others of the gang were peering curiously in through the open door. I knew now I saw all this, for the picture of it is upon the retina of memory, but I never moment, every thing I appeared to perceive or hear occurred in the center of the room.

The man who had posed as the leader stood there alone facing us, his expression a strange mixture of amazement and delight. He was a powerfully built man, with keen grey eyes deeply set in his sockets. His right hand rested heavily upon the hilt of a cavalry sabre, the scabbard of which was concealed beneath the folds of the long brown coat he wore. As Mrs. Brennan burst through the doorway he stepped eagerly forward, his eyes brightening, and they met with clasped hands.

"Is it possible—Edith?" he cried, as if the recognition could scarcely be credited.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "it seems all too good to be true. How came you here?"

"Hunting after you, my fair lady. Did you suppose you could disappear as mysteriously as you did last night without my being early on the trail? Have these people injured you in any way?" And he glanced about him with a threat in his gesture.

"Oh, no, Frank," hastily, "every one has been most kind. It was a mere mistake. How strangely you are dressed! how very rough you look!"

He laughed, but still retained his warm clasp of her hands.

"Not the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, you expected, girl?" he asked lightly. "But we have all sorts of conditions to meet down here, and soon learn in Rome to do as the Romans do."

As he finished speaking he perceived me for the first time, and his face changed instantly into cold sternness. I saw him sweep one hasty glance around, as though he suspected that I might not be alone, and his hand fell once more upon a sword hilt, in posture suggestive of readiness for action.

"Who have we here?" he asked, staring at me in amazement. "A Johnny Reb?"

"Whatever I am," I retorted, my gorge rising suddenly at his contemptuous tone, and stepping out into the room before him, "I at least wear the uniform of my service and rank, and not the nondescript uniform of a guerrilla."

The scornful words stung him; I noticed the quick flush of anger in his eyes, and was not sorry.

"You are insolent, sir. Moreover, you go too far, for as it chance over you are well within our lines, and we will see to what extent honor is consistent with the work of a spy. The uniform of your service, indeed!" he echoed hotly, pointing as he spoke across the room; "that cavalry cloak over yonder tells its own story. Peters, Steele, arrest this fellow."

"Frank, don't do that," she urged earnestly. "You mistake; that was the cloak I wore."

If he heard her he gave no sign.

"Bind him," was the stern order, as

the two men advanced. "Use your belts if you have nothing else handy."

Angry as I most assuredly was, swept also by a new emotion which I did not in the least comprehend, I yet fully realized the utter helplessness of my position in point of resistance. They were twenty to one. However much I longed to grapple with him who mocked me, the very thought was insanity; my only possible chance of escape lay in flight. To realize this, and to act, I leaped backward, trusting for a clear field in my rear, and an opportunity to run for it, but the door by which I had just entered was now closed and barred—Bungay had made sure his retreat.

The last, watching every movement, with sword half drawn in his hand, saw instantly that I was securely trapped, and laughed in scorn.

"You are not making war on women now," he said with a cutting sneer. "You will not find me so easy a victim."

The taunt stung me, but more the tone and manner of the speaker, and the hot blood of youth cast all caution to the winds. With a single spring, forgetful of my own wound, I was at his throat, dashed aside his uplifted hand, and by the sheer audacity of my sudden, unexpected onset, bore him back crashing to the floor. He struggled gamely, yet I possessed the advantage of position, and would have punished him severely, but for the dozen strong hands which instantly laid hold upon me, and dragged me off, still fighting madly, although as helpless as a child.

My opponent instantly leaped to his feet and started forward, drawing a revolver as he came. His face was deathly white from passion, and there was a look in his eyes which told me he would be restrained now by no rule of war.

"You cowardly spy!" he cried, and my ears caught the sharp click as he drew back the hammer. "Do you think I will let that blow go un-avenged?"

"I assuredly trust not," I answered, gazing up at him from beneath the gun muzzles with which I was yet securely pinned to the floor. "But if you are, as I am led to believe, a Federal officer, with some pretensions to being also a gentleman, and not the outlaw your clothes proclaim, you will at least permit me to stand upon my feet and face you as a man. If I am a spy, as you seem inclined to claim, there are army courts to try me; if not, then I am your equal in standing and rank, and have every right of a prisoner of war."

"This has become personal," hoarsely. "Your blow, as well as your connection with the forcible abduction of this young lady, whose legal protector I am, are not matters to be settled by an army court."

"Then permit me to meet you in any satisfactory way. The murder of a helpless man will scarcely clarify your honor."

I knew from the unrelenting expression upon his face that my plea was likely to prove a perfectly useless one, but before I had ended it Mrs. Brennan stood between us.

"Frank," she said calmly, "you shall not do this. This man is a Confederate officer; he is no spy, and during all the events of last night he has proven himself a friend rather than an enemy. Only for my sake is he here now."

Ignoring the look upon his face she turned toward me, impetuously waved aside the fellow who yet held me prostrate, and extending her hand lifted me to my feet. For an instant, as if by accident, our eyes met, and a sudden flush swept across her throat and cheeks.

"It is my duty," she whispered softly, so softly the words did not carry beyond my own ears. Then she stood erect between us, as though in her own drawing room, and gravely presented us to each other, as if she dared either to quarrel longer in her presence.

"Major Brennan, Captain Wayne," we bowed to each other as men salute on the duelling field. In his eyes read an unforgetting, a bitter personal animosity which, with interest, and secretly rejoiced over.

"The lady seems to be in control at present," he said shortly, shoving back the revolver into its belt. "Nevertheless I shall do my military duty, and hold you as a prisoner. May I inquire your full name and rank?"

"Phillip Wayne, Captain—th' Virginia Cavalry, Shurtleff's Brigade."

"Why are you within our lines?"

"I attempted to pass through them last night with despatches, but was prevented by my desire to be of assistance to this lady."

"Indeed?" He smiled incredulously.

"Your tale is quite interesting and rather romantic. I presume you yet carry the papers with you as evidence of its truth?"

"If you refer to the despatches, I do not. I sincerely trust they are already safely deposited in the hands of the officer whom they were intended for."

A malignant look swept across Mrs. Brennan's face, and his jaws set ominously.

"You will have to concoct a far better story than that, my friend, before you face Sheridan," he said insolently. "For you will be very apt to learn how a rope feels. He is not inclined to parley long with such fellows as you. Bind his hands, men, and take him out with you into the road."

The two soldiers grasped me instantly at the word of command. For a single moment I braced myself to resist, but even as I did so my eyes fell upon a slight opening in the wall, and I caught a quick glimpse of Bungay's face, his glance sank before me as I gazed in astonishment at this sudden apparition, a lighter touch rested pleadingly on my arm.

"Do not struggle any longer, Captain Wayne," spoke Mrs. Brennan's voice, gently. "I will go to General Sheridan myself, and tell him the entire story."

I bowed to her, and held out my hands to be bound.

"I yield myself your prisoner, madam," I said, resigning, and not unconscious that her glance sank before mine. "I even imagine the bonds may prove not altogether unpleasant."

Brennan strode between us hastily, and with quick gesture to his men.

"Bind the fellow," he said sternly. "And mind you, sir, one word more, and they shall buck you as well. It may be valuable for you to remember that I am in command here, however I may seem to yield to the wish of Mrs. Brennan."

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"Bind him," was the stern order, as

the two men advanced. "Use your belts if you have nothing else handy."

Angry as I most assuredly was, swept also by a new emotion which I did not in the least comprehend, I yet fully realized the utter helplessness of my position in point of resistance. They were twenty to one. However much I longed to grapple with him who mocked me, the very thought was insanity; my only possible chance of escape lay in flight. To realize this, and to act, I leaped backward, trusting for a clear field in my rear, and an opportunity to run for it, but the door by which I had just entered was now closed and barred—Bungay had made sure his retreat.

The last, watching every movement, with sword half drawn in his hand, saw instantly that I was securely trapped, and laughed in scorn.

"You are not making war on women now," he said with a cutting sneer. "You will not find me so easy a victim."

The taunt stung me, but more the tone and manner of the speaker, and the hot blood of youth cast all caution to the winds. With a single spring, forgetful of my own wound, I was at his throat, dashed aside his uplifted hand, and by the sheer audacity of my sudden, unexpected onset, bore him back crashing to the floor. He struggled gamely, yet I possessed the advantage of position, and would have punished him severely, but for the dozen strong hands which instantly laid hold upon me, and dragged me off, still fighting madly, although as helpless as a child.

My opponent instantly leaped to his feet and started forward, drawing a revolver as he came. His face was deathly white from passion, and there was a look in his eyes which told me he would be restrained now by no rule of war.

"You cowardly spy!" he cried, and my ears caught the sharp click as he drew back the hammer. "Do you think I will let that blow go un-avenged?"

"I assuredly trust not," I answered, gazing up at him from beneath the gun muzzles with which I was yet securely pinned to the floor. "But if you are, as I am led to believe, a Federal officer, with some pretensions to being also a gentleman, and not the outlaw your clothes proclaim, you will at least permit me to stand upon my feet and face you as a man. If I am a spy, as you seem inclined to claim, there are army courts to try me; if not, then I am your equal in standing and rank, and have every right of a prisoner of war."

"This has become personal," hoarsely. "Your blow, as well as your connection with the forcible abduction of this young lady, whose legal protector I am, are not matters to be settled by an army court."

"Then permit me to meet you in any satisfactory way. The murder of a helpless man will scarcely clarify your honor."

I knew from the unrelenting expression upon his face that my plea was likely to prove a perfectly useless one, but before I had ended it Mrs. Brennan stood between us.

"Frank," she said calmly, "you shall not do this. This man is a Confederate officer; he is no spy, and during all the events of last night he has proven himself a friend rather than an enemy. Only for my sake is he here now."

Ignoring the look upon his face she turned toward me, impetuously waved aside the fellow who yet held me prostrate, and extending her hand lifted me to my feet. For an instant, as if by accident, our eyes met, and a sudden flush swept across her throat and cheeks.

"It is my duty," she whispered softly, so softly the words did not carry beyond my own ears. Then she stood erect between us, as though in her own drawing room, and gravely presented us to each other, as if she dared either to quarrel longer in her presence.

"Major Brennan, Captain Wayne," we bowed to each other as men salute on the duelling field. In his eyes read an unforgetting, a bitter personal animosity which, with interest, and secretly rejoiced over.

"The lady seems to be in control at present," he said shortly, shoving back the revolver into its belt. "Nevertheless I shall do my military duty, and hold you as a prisoner. May I inquire your full name and rank?"

"Phillip Wayne, Captain—th' Virginia Cavalry, Shurtleff's Brigade."

"Why are you within our lines?"

"I attempted to pass through them last night with despatches, but was prevented by my desire to be of assistance to this lady."

"Indeed?" He smiled incredulously.

"Your tale is quite interesting and rather romantic. I presume you yet carry the papers with you as evidence of its truth?"

"If you refer to the despatches, I do not. I sincerely trust they are already safely deposited in the hands of the officer whom they were intended for."

A malignant look swept across Mrs. Brennan's face, and his jaws set ominously.

"You will have to concoct a far better story than that, my friend, before you face Sheridan," he said insolently. "For you will be very apt to learn how a rope feels. He is not inclined to parley long with such fellows as you. Bind his hands, men, and take him out with you into the road."

The two soldiers grasped me instantly at the word of command. For a single moment I braced myself to resist, but even as I did so my eyes fell upon a slight opening in the wall, and I caught a quick glimpse of Bungay's face, his glance sank before me as I gazed in astonishment at this sudden apparition, a lighter touch rested pleadingly on my arm.

"Do not struggle any longer, Captain Wayne," spoke Mrs. Brennan's voice, gently. "I will go to General Sheridan myself, and tell him the entire story."

I bowed to her, and held out my hands to be bound.

"I yield myself your prisoner, madam," I said, resigning, and not unconscious that her glance sank before mine. "I even imagine the bonds may prove not altogether unpleasant."

Brennan strode between us hastily, and with quick gesture to his men.

"Bind the fellow," he said sternly. "And mind you, sir, one word more, and they shall buck you as well. It may be valuable for you to remember that I am in command here, however I may seem to yield to the wish of Mrs. Brennan."

TO BE CONTINUED

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CHAPTER IX.

In the Hands of the Enemy.

In the first surprise of that unexpected joyful cry ringing at my very ears all my senses seemed confused, and I stood motionless. Then I heard Bungay utter a smothered oath, and knew he had wheeled about in the darkness. Unable to distinguish the slightest outline of his figure, I was yet impressed with the thought that he was endeavoring to muffle the girl, to prevent her uttering a second cry. Impelled by this intuition I flung out my arm hastily, and by rare good luck it came in contact with his hand.

"None of that, you little cur!" I muttered sternly, unmindful of his efforts to break away. "No hand on her, mind you! Mrs. Brennan, what does this mean?"

She made no attempt to answer, but I could hear her now groping her way through the darkness toward the place of our entrance. Bungay detected the movement also, and made a violent effort to break loose from my grip, that he might hurry after her.

"You lit go o' me," he cried excitedly, "er, by golt, I'll use a knife. She'll give this whole thing away if she ever gits out."

For answer I hurled him backward with all my strength and sprang after the fleeing woman. But I was already too late to stop her, even had that been my intention. With strength yielded her by desperation, she thrust

With a Crash She Brought the Iron Skillet Down With All Her Strength, aside the heavy cupboard, and as the light swept in, sprang forward into the rude shed. With another bound, gathering her skirts as she ran, she was up the steps and had burst into the outer room. A moment later I also stood in the doorway, gazing upon a scene that made my blood like fire.

The fighting had evidently ceased suddenly with her first cry. Maria stood panting in one corner, the dead-skillet again in her hand, her hair hanging in wisps down her back. Still unconscious from the blow he had received, one fellow lay outstretched on the floor, his head barely missing the hot ashes of the fireplace; while his companion nursed his bruises and howled from a safe refuge behind the door.

The unshaven faces of several others of the gang were peering curiously in through the open door. I knew now I saw all this, for the picture of it is upon the retina of memory, but I never moment, every thing I appeared to perceive or hear occurred in the center of the room.

The man who had posed as the leader stood there alone facing us, his expression a strange mixture of amazement and delight. He was a powerfully built man, with keen grey eyes deeply set in his sockets. His right hand rested heavily upon the hilt of a cavalry sabre, the scabbard of which was concealed beneath the folds of the long brown coat he wore. As Mrs. Brennan burst through the doorway he stepped eagerly forward, his eyes brightening, and they met with clasped hands.

"Is it possible—Edith?" he cried, as if the recognition could scarcely be credited.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "it seems all too good to be true. How came you here?"

"Hunting after you, my fair lady. Did you suppose you could disappear as mysteriously as you did last night without my being early on the trail? Have these people injured you in any way?" And he glanced about him with a threat in his gesture.

"Oh, no, Frank," hastily, "every one has been most kind. It was a mere mistake. How strangely you are dressed! how very rough you look!"

He laughed, but still retained his warm clasp of her hands.

"Not the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, you expected, girl?" he asked lightly. "But we have all sorts of conditions to meet down here, and soon learn in Rome to do as the Romans do."

As he finished speaking he perceived me for the first time, and his face changed instantly into cold sternness. I saw him sweep one hasty glance around, as though he suspected that I might not be alone, and his hand fell once more upon a sword hilt, in posture suggestive of readiness for action.

"Who have we here?" he asked, staring at me in amazement. "A Johnny Reb?"

"Whatever I am," I retorted, my gorge rising suddenly at his contemptuous tone, and stepping out into the room before him, "I at least wear the uniform of my service and rank, and not the nondescript uniform of a guerrilla."

The scornful words stung him; I noticed the quick flush of anger in his